

# Monongalia Mirror

A Family Newspaper—Independent of Party or Sect.

News, Literature, Agriculture, and Morality.

S. SIEGFRED, Editor and Proprietor.  
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Morgantown, (Va.) Saturday, March 27, 1852.

VOLUME III.—NUMBER 137.  
PATRONS PAY ALL POSTAGE.

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THE MONOGALIA MIRROR IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, AT THE FOLLOWING TERMS:—  
\$1 50 A YEAR CASH IN ADVANCE;  
\$2 00 AFTER SIX MONTHS HAVE EXPIRED;  
\$2 50 IF NEVER PAID, WITHOUT COERCION.  
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## Original Articles.

COMMUNICATED.

Prazeron, Va., March 18, 1852.

Mr. Editor—We cannot but admire the energy and perseverance of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company in overcoming formidable obstacles, while constructing their road over this mountainous and broken country. Only a few years ago such an enterprise was deemed impossible by many of our citizens; and he who would advocate such a proposition could not receive much credit for sound sense and discretion. We do not intend in this communication to dwell upon the speculations of the past—may the time speedily come when the antique notions and prejudices of our people will be superseded by intelligence and reason.

The whistle of the Locomotive is daily heard upon our mountains—tunnels have been made through solid rocks—hills levelled, and even the incredulous "have heard enough," and have yielded.

Your readers may feel interested by a description of the ears passing over the Big Tunnel at Greigsville, upon a temporary road, constructed for the purpose of transporting material for the completion of the work west of Greigsville, as the Tunnel is not quite finished.

This road was made with the view of taking the iron for the track, bridges, &c., over the Tunnel by horse power. It is very crooked, and a "strong grade," being six degrees at several points. The Chief Engineer thought it possible to go over by steam and directed the track to be placed down. His opinion proved to be correct, and it is truly a grand sight to see the manœuvres of the "iron-horse" while ascending and descending the hill. The engineer gives the signal, and up they come nearly to the top, and then stop for a moment, again they move; but now it is down the track to the place of starting. All is now excitement—one failure,—"Can they succeed the next effort?"—"There was too much water in the boiler," says one. "Till the best of me opinion they will come up this time!"—says Pat. Another scream from the Locomotive, and again they move slowly up the track until they reach a short curve, and down like an arrow for swiftiness they come to the starting point. Perseverance overcomes all difficulties, and the next trial they succeed in reaching the top of the hill.

A short time ago a car broke loose from the engine, and down the track it went as quick as thought, and when within but a short distance of the boarding cars that stood upon the track, it fortunately stopped by a chain attached to the car becoming fastened around a cross tie. A large number of laborers were eating dinner in the boarding cars at the time.

But how do they manage to descend the grade? Well, that is done by the "forward motion," by starting as though they wished to ascend, but do not have steam enough to ascend, and in this way they in fact slide down.

You have heard that it is difficult to go over upon this temporary road.—In justice to the Company we only add that some of the engines pass over without any trouble at all.

Yours, very truly, CALAIS.

COMMUNICATED.

GREENDALE, March, 1852.

Mr. Editor: Had I the assurance that you will permit a lad such as I to present, occasionally, thoughts such as one of my years might copy, I would endorse myself as one of your semi-occasional correspondents.

I am fully aware (from your words) that you will encourage "home talent," but whether you will tolerate "home-spun" talk, is a question.—Then to solve this question, I proceed.

You may wish to know something of my whereabouts,—who I am, etc. I know Editors are very curious this way; in fact, they are very curious, inquisitive race of beings. So curious that it becomes all persons to keep on the right side of them, for they have it in their power to trumpet one's fame or defame to the remotest ends of the civilized world.

I have no way of ascertaining the precise direction or distance from your Town to the place where I stay; but it is on a by-path that leads indirectly from your emporium to California; distant some thirty miles, more or less. As to who I am, I would say we did the boy in reply to the same enquiry, "If any body axes ye that, just tell 'em ye don't know." But I am a boy, and my parents have often told me not to be saucy. However, if you will indulge me thus far, for the sake of variety I will proceed to give you a few items of my history.

I was born in the state of Virginia in the year eighteen hundred and— I have been all my life principally engaged in farming, the most honorable of all occupations.—Excuse me, Mr. Printer, I mean yours excepted.

The privileges afforded me for obtaining an education have been quite limited, winter being about the only time allotted me. But by the dint of hard study, I have advanced so far as to think myself able to write an occasional item for the Press. My resources for future advancement are not very extensive; my library being composed of the Bible, and a few miscellaneous books, with a slight sprinkling of novels, which I intend ere long to consign to the flames, and quit the iniquitous business of novel reading. The "Mirror" is a regular visitor to the domicile in which I, at present, am permitted to stay.

But if I had free access to the greatest library in the land, a ploughboy such as I, could not present transcendently glowing thoughts like college bred correspondents. My sentences, you perceive, are abrupt, and my style abrupt. "Perseverance will overcome all difficulties."

I am, yet young, (two years more and I will be out of my teens) and have great room for improvement.—But I must close this desultory introduction. "Short and sweet" will be my motto. What the next will be to me is unknown.

## A COUNTRY LAD.

### Shocking Murder.

A most shocking murder was committed at Stewart's Town, York County Pa., on Wednesday of last week. The victim was a little girl, scarcely ten years of age, named ELIZA ANN BUSLER, daughter of Jacob Busler, of that place, in the absence of both of her parents, and it appears she was murdered by her sister, CATHERINE B. BUSLER, aged only twelve years, because the deceased had threatened to tell her mother that Catharine had stolen something out of the closet, whereupon the latter struck her a violent blow, and seizing a butcher knife, deliberately cut her throat from ear to ear. She then took the infant child of her parents and escaped, but soon after returned, and concocted a story about an old man entering the house and committing the horrid deed. Catharine, since her arrest, has made a full confession.

### Odd Notion.

The New York Organ says:—"An odd genius in this city has taken to making a living by walking on a marble ceiling, his head downward. The people are much pleased with the exhibition. He might have walked uprightly till doom-day without exciting a remark; but an intelligent person are not going to see a man's head where his heels should be, without duly rewarding the exhibitor. This is a funny world, and our downright friend has hit the nail on the head by his funny show.—But really it is a strange sight. We only hope folks will not get into the mood of following the example. There are more than enough people with their heads upside down now."

## Medical Properties of the Apple

Baked sweet apples and milk is a luxury, excellent food, and a medicine. We know a gentleman who, 10 years ago, was in a hopeless case of consumption, and by long and exclusive use of this dish, and a little bread for nutriment, and lime water for a condiment, he was cured. As one evidence of the severity of this case, and waste of lungs, one side of the breast had sunk in. This diet would cure thousands suffering under inflammatory diseases, caused by high, rich, constricting food. It is also good for dyspepsia.—*Cole's American Fruit Book.*

TO CLEAR A WELL OF FOUL AIR.—Put a quart or two of unslacked lime into a bucket, and before lowering it into the well, pour a sufficient quantity of water on the lime to slack it; then let it down to the water but not so as to go into it. In a few minutes the well will be cleared of foul air, the slacking lime either taking up the noxious air or forcing it out of the well.—*Lon. Builder.*

In the back counties in Maine, the snow last week averaged five feet deep. Many of the small farm-houses were nearly submerged in snow banks.

## Religious & Moral.

### A Shepherd Church in the Pyrenees.

There are, particularly in the south of France, many Protestant communities, which have been, for a longer or shorter time, without spiritual pastors or guides. To remedy this evil, they are from time to time visited by the pastors who reside in other places. The privileges so seldom within their reach are highly prized; whereas they are too often slighted where they are constantly possessed. In one of these apostolical journeys, about ten years ago, the pastor Chabrand, of Toulouse, with another faithful minister, in visiting the department of the Upper Pyrenees, reached the high ridge of mountains, so called, which separate France from Spain by a three-fold cord. Beyond the first range of hills he was surprised to find a Christian Church or congregation, hitherto unknown, consisting of shepherds and their families, who, on account of their abode in this elevated spot, have little intercourse with those who inhabit the plain, and have remained without any settled pastor ever since the reformation of the Edict of Nantes; by which edict full security was promised to the Protestants of France, under King Henry IV, but it was revoked by his grand-son, Louis XIV, in 1685.

Among the cabins of this people is seen a simple place of worship, which they have raised with their own hands from the stones of their rocks. Every family possesses two copies of the word of God, and they are well acquainted with its contents, many of them having stored large portions in their memories, as well as laid them up in their hearts. Even the youngest have some idea of the history of the Reformation, which has been handed down among them from father to son; nor are they strangers to the dates of the most remarkable events connected with it. There is a venerable man, with silvery hair, the oldest of the shepherds, whom they call their Elder; and every evening, when they have driven home their flocks, he meets them in the church, and reads to them some chapters from the Holy Bible. They receive the pure word of God with all simplicity, without troubling themselves as to the various sects and parties into which Christians are divided; and to them the Reformation has been a change never to be lost sight of, a coming back to the pure word of God, and an entire subjection to the same.

Good-will and true-heartedness are seen in all their ways. The persecutions which they formerly suffered, and which deprived them of their pastors, have left no trace of bitterness in their minds. Before pastor Chabrand departed, they took him to a solitary place among their mountains, and said, "Here it was that our fathers met their pastor for the last time, when persecution removed him from them. Here, in the midst of their families and flocks, he prayed that the Lord would shelter his word and his Church in these mountains." His prayer was heard, for the good Shepherd has not suffered them to want. "The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

Long and constant use had almost worn out the copies of the Bible which these poor shepherds had preserved. They asked pastor Chabrand to help them to procure others, but knew not that it would be in his power. He, however, on his return, immediately wrote to the Geneva Bible Society, and obtained a hundred Bibles, which he sent to the village in question, where they were thankfully received.—*German Magazine.*

## The Neglected Bible.

A neglected Bible is the melancholy proof of a heart "alienated from God." For how can we have a spark of love to him, if that book, which is the full manifestation of his glory, be despised? And yet a superficial acquaintance with it is of no avail. If our ears were bored to the door of the sanctuary: "if the words never departed from our eyes;" yet except they were "kept in the heart," our religion would be a notion, not a principle; speculative, not practical; conviction, not love.—Nor even here must they possess the mere threshold; let that be for the world. Let the word be "kept in the midst of the heart," here only can it be operative; for out of the heart are the issues of life. Here it becomes lively and substantial truth. Here, then, let a home be made for it—a consecrated sanctuary in the most honored chambers, "in the midst of the heart."—This inhabitation of the world is a covenant promise—the test of our interest in the Lord and in his people.—This "keeping of the word" will be "life to those that find it." Vigorous and healthy will be the soul that feeds on this heavenly manna. We shall not then bear our religion as our cross, as our cumbersome bondage; we shall not drag on in Christian duties as our

chain. Godliness will be an element of joy; the functions will be free and lively; the spirit will feel a vital glow; the mind will be enriched with Divine wisdom; the heart will be established with gospel grace.

"O let our hearts obey  
The Gospel's joyful sound,  
And all its fruits, from day to day,  
Be in us and abound."

## A Short Sermon on Honesty.

"In all things willing to live honestly."—Heb. xiii.

To live honestly is to live justly and above reproach. It is to live so that no man, who knows how we live, can truly say any harm of us. Nothing is honest, which is against justice or honor.

One may be able to keep out of jail and yet not "live honestly." All stealing is dishonest. It may be but a pin, or a marble, or an apple, that we steal, but if we take it slyly, it is stealing. It is wicked to steal from a brother, or sister, or parent. We may not steal anything, even if we need it. The 8th commandment is, "Thou shalt not steal."

We may also be dishonest in borrowing; first, when we do not need what we borrow, and then, when we keep it longer than we need it, or do not take good care of it, and do not send it home as soon as you are done with it. "In all things live honestly."

Some are not honest in buying or selling. Their rule is, to buy at all times as cheap as they can, and sell as dear as they can. This is a wicked rule. We often trade with those who do not know the worth of the thing bought or sold. It is cheating them, to make the best bargain we can.—Sometimes we trade with those who are in great want, and we fix our own prices, and make them much too high if we sell, and too low if we buy.—There is a fair price for everything.—Let that be paid or taken for everything. He who is just and true, and loves his neighbor as himself, will soon find out what a fair price is. Almost all men use too many words in buying and selling; and when too many words are used, there is almost always a lie somewhere.

## I am as Good as You.

What a singular state of things would be brought about if men should begin to obey the Bible, and love their neighbors as well as they love themselves! You would see no smiling looks at the advance of gain—and no long faces at the loss of property.—The voice of harsh rebuke, coarse anger, and loud denunciation would be hushed. "I am as good as you"—that I would have you to know—"would give place to, "You are as good as I, and we will assist each other."—Shoulder to shoulder, with sunny faces and light hearts, mankind would move on in the march of life, distributing favors with liberal hands, and laboring to make each other happier and better. When will this time arrive?

From the Boston Congregationalist.

## The Maine Liquor Law.

The idea has prevailed to some extent that because the United States allows the importation of alcoholic liquors, and derives a revenue from them, therefore no State could prevent their sale. But this is a mistake.—Each State has sovereign control over its own internal affairs, and has the right to pass such laws touching this traffic as it pleases. Judge Daniel said in the Massachusetts case, "No such right is purchased by the importer; he cannot purchase from the government, that which it cannot insure to him, a sale independent of the laws and policy of the State."

Nothing can be more explicit than the opinion of Chief Justice Taney upon that occasion, touching the power of a State to prohibit the traffic in the most ample manner.

"If any State deems the retail and internal traffic in ardent spirits injurious to its citizens, I see nothing in the Constitution to prevent it from regulating and restraining the traffic, or from prohibiting it altogether."

It is the united testimony of all persons in Maine, who have published their opinion on the subject, that the force of their law lies in its provision to destroy the article that produces the mischief. From among many witnesses, I select the following:

"M. Davis, Esq., of Belfast. Better have no law at all, at present, unless you can get one making spirituous liquors contraband, and exposing them to destruction. All laws without this will only fail. No law against the sale merely, however stringent, can be effectual. Our law of 1846 was every thing that such a law could be. As prosecuting attorney for a country league, I carried through some 300 prosecutions under it. This checked the business, and in a few towns broke it up. But in large places it produced no effect and was finally dropped.—And I am fully convinced from six

years of unceasing efforts in my business, that the only way to stop the traffic in spirituous liquors is to make them contraband, give the right to search and destroy them where found."

## AROMATIC SCHIEDAM SCHNAPPS.

ONE OF THE DEVICES of the great enemy of God and man, by which it is attempted to sustain the bloody throne of King Alcohol, is the plan of selling intoxicating liquor under the name of some medicine. It is put up in bottles of pints and quarts, labelled with some such name as that at the head of this article, and sent to all parts of the country where customers can be found. A box of this medicine directed to a country apothecary or store-keeper, excites no suspicion, and the knowing ones, of course, all labor under the diseases which this medicine is said to cure, and cured they must be, if the brood of the children and wife pays for it.

We have a copy of a circular, sent by a wholesale dealer in this city to country druggists and general store-keepers. The copy in our hands was directed to a store-keeper in a country town not far distant, and was accompanied by a box of the "Medicine," containing two dozen bottles—one dozen pints, at \$3 per dozen, and one dozen quarts at \$6 per dozen. The party to whom it was sent thought he would try the medicine on his own person. The first dose satisfied him that it was excellent medicine, and he took another, and then another, and in a short time he had used up the entire dozen of quarts. Of its virtues our readers can judge when we tell them that under its influence he beat and abused his wife, and drove her from his house into the cold and storm of mid-winter, causing the premature birth and death of his child, and compelling the mother to fly for her life, at a moment when of all others, she should have been comforted by his tenderest sympathies.

The reader will see that it is a powerful medicine, and will notice, too, that its effects are very like those of rum, notwithstanding its aromatic name. Yes, to such infamous and contemptible trickery will men in this city resort to get money by selling pints and quarts of gin and other intoxicating liquors. It is a conspiracy of the most atrocious character, not merely aiming to defraud the revenue and evade the license laws, but it seeks to avail itself of the ignorance of men and the popular appetite for new medicines, and thus to form the drinking habit where it has been hitherto avoided. It seeks to turn every drug shop and every store in country villages into grog shops, and thus to scatter fire-brands and death in thousands of peaceful homes.

We have now on our table a letter which sounds in our ear as though it had been written in mingled tears and blood, and it comes from a disconsolate, broken-hearted wife, whose family has been ploughed up by the accursed traffic. She entreals us to speak for her, and to implore the dealers in this city to refrain from raining fire and brimstone on her heart, and on her innocent little ones. She is almost crazed as she sees her miserable husband, and looks at her desolate home—made such by the arts of the relentless liquor dealer. But, alas, what can we say or do!—*New York Organ.*

O SICKENING.—There ought to be an Inspector of half-grown boys who get at large without the cognizance of their anxious mothers. We are concerned for the rising generation. We see lots of cheap running at large, making boobies of themselves, in such fashion as to make us wonder what they will be at next, and what they will be and do when they reach mature years. Think of a boy of fifteen feeling his lip for sparks of a gold placer. Think of others, not older, set off with Kosuth hat and a fatter rided from some turkey's tail stirring to look like the great Magyar. See these fellows, scarcely out of petticoats, with cigars in their mouths, and hear the talk of these young asses. Surely the times are strangely out of joint. And the worst of all is, there are plenty of parents who think all these effluences of juvenile impudence and self-assurance are marks of precious genius. O for the good old days of birch and leather straps, with vigorous hands to wield them.

Even now, we have a crop of grown men on the stage who were never half-dressed in their boyhood, and see what a moss they make wherever they do and wherever they go. Does any one imagine we should have so many rogues in business, and such rowdies in Congress and the Legislatures, if these men had been duly tanned in their boyhood? It is shocking to think of, that multitudes of men in years can never be men in fact, merely because they were not whipped soundly years ago. If parents will not remedy the evil, let us have an Inspector of Juveniles and a public administrator of hickory oil.—*N. Y. Organ.*

Good Example.—A Kentucky paper says it is getting to be very fashionable in that quarter to enclose a Gold Dollar with marriage notices, when sending them to the Printer.

## Miscellaneous.

### What Printers Ink has Done.

"Seven eights of the splendid fortunes in this country have been made through the influence of printer's ink.—Mark that!"—*Exchange.*

Printer's ink has not only made seven eights of the splendid fortunes that have been made in our country, but also nine tenths of the great men.—Boobies transformed into statesmen, prissy talkers into eloquent orators, cracked voice singers into night engagers, murderers of Shakespeare into perfect delineators of the creators of Avon's great bard and humbugs into the most philanthropic of their species all by the application of a little printer's ink! And what is more surprising, people are made to believe those things in opposition to their seven senses. Printers ink is a great thing when properly put on.—*Belt. Argus.*

ROBBERY.—We copy from the Baltimore Sun the following telegraphic despatch, dated Philadelphia, March 26th:—

S. C. Ellis, a merchant of Parkersburg, Va., this morning discovered that he had been robbed of \$1,500, contained in his watch fob, which had been cut out. He arrived last evening in the western train, and put up at the Merchant's Hotel, where he put his pantaloons under his pillow for the safe keeping of his funds, without however examining as to their safety, and on wakening this morning he first discovered his loss. Various circumstances lead to the belief that he was robbed in the cars. Four persons of respectability roomed with him at the hotel, and their clothing and the contents of their pockets were not disturbed, though lying exposed. His funds were in Virginia money, principally of \$20s of the State Bank.

## Terrific Warning.

Simeon Stephens of Newbury, N. H., lost his life recently by borrowing a newspaper. The wind blew it out of his hand; he chased it through deep snow; and became so fatigued that he died shortly after this capture.

It is clear that this gentleman would still be living but that the newspaper he was to enjoy was a borrowed one. Had it been his own, it would not have been a point of conscience to recover it. The moral is never borrow any-body-else's newspapers, but get one of your own; your mind will then be easy, and you will keep out of snow-drifts and danger.—*Winchester Virginian.*

DEATH OF A LADY FROM GRIEF.—Mrs. Agnes Boyd, of Cincinnati, it is said, died of grief a few days ago, in consequence of the decease of her husband. During the week previous to her death she was almost constantly occupied in prayer, interrupted at frequent intervals by incoherent maniacal supplication to her children. She took no food or nourishment of any kind, save such as were forced upon her, and when the stricken spirit died, the fair tenement it had occupied was reduced almost to a skeleton. She was only 29 years of age, a lady of rare accomplishments, and the daughter of the Rev. Dr. George, of Philadelphia.

THE POSTMASTER IN A DILEMMA.—Under this head it is announced in the Kent News, that the Postmaster of Chestertown has received two letters, one directed to the "best looking lady in Chestertown and the other "to the ugliest lady in Chestertown." The notice says:

"As the Postmaster is unable to determine who is entitled to the above, he requests all the ladies to assemble in their best 'dib and tucker,' on next Monday evening, at his office, so that he may deliver up the letter, according to direction."

Such is LIFE.—One of our Cincinnati exchanges says, a half-drunken woman was perambulating the streets, on Thursday night, the 26th ult., a rowdy led her into a paint shop on Fifth Street, and daubed her face, in more blackguard wantonness, and then took her into a back room, where there was a light. The light discovered the disfigured face of his own mother!

Lawrence B. Taylor, Whig, was re-elected Mayor of Alexandria on Tuesday week, by a majority of two hundred votes over his competitor. Every member elected to the Common Council is also Whig.

The Senate of the United States on Friday last confirmed the nomination of JAMES POINDEXTE, Esq. as Marshal for the Western District of Virginia.

Good company and good conversation are the very signs of virtue.

## Small and Large Potatoes for seed.

A correspondent recommends large, over small potatoes for planting. He says:—"Small potatoes are very frequently of the second growth. It is well known to those who grow potatoes, that the first growth is always the most vigorous and decidedly the largest, so that the second or small potato growth does not seem to possess, in as great a degree, the reproductive properties requisite to the perfection of the plant as the first." Besides, he considers the second growth always affects the first growth, and causes them to rot. He therefore selects his potatoes for planting before the second growth takes place, and is satisfied that by so doing, "he insures himself perfectly against the rot."

## Heaves in Horses.

Molesting the hay or grain for horses which have the heaves, has a good effect.—We see a communication on this subject in the Wilkesbarre (Pa.) Advocate. The writer says he had a favorite horse which was much affected by this disorder. He happened to have a common horse-pail about half full of whitewash. He filled the bucket with water, and left it to settle. He moistened with this water two quarts of corn-meal, morning and evening, which he gave the horse—filling up the bucket with water occasionally. In less than a week, a change was manifested in the horse, and about two years after he sold him as perfectly sound.

England imports from the continent a hundred thousand eggs annually.

## POETRY.

### AN ANGEL BY THE HEARTH.

BY FANNY TALEN.

They tell me unseen spirits  
Around about us glide;  
Beside the stilly waters  
Our erring footsteps guide:  
'Tis pleasant, thus believing  
Their ministry on earth:  
I know an angel sitteth  
This moment by my hearth.

If false-lights, on life's waters;  
To wreck my soul appear;  
With finger upward pointing,  
She turns me with a tear:  
'Twere base to slight the warning;  
And count it little worth,  
Of her the loving angel,  
That sitteth by my hearth.

She wins me with caresses  
From passions dark and drear;  
She guides me when I falter,  
And strengthens me with smiles;  
It may be, unseen angel,  
Beside me journey forth;  
I know that one is sitting  
This moment by my hearth.

A loving wife—O Brothers,  
An angel here below:  
Alas! your eyes are hidden  
Too often 'till they go;  
To upward look while grieving,  
When they have pass'd from earth:—  
O cherish well, those sitting  
This moment by the hearth!

### WHAT IS NOBLE?

What is noble? To inherit  
Wealth, estate, and proud degree—  
There must be some other merit  
Higher yet than that time for me!—  
Something greater far must enter  
Into life's majestic span,  
Fitted to create and centre  
True nobility in man!

What is noble? 'Tis the finer  
Portion of our Mind and Heart;  
Linked to something still diviner  
Than mere language can impart:  
Ever prompting—ever seeing  
Some improvement yet to plan;  
To uplift our fellow-being—  
And, like man, to feel for Man!

What is noble? Is the sabre  
Nobler than the humble spade?  
There's a dignity in labor  
Truer than e'er pomp arrayed!  
He who seeks the Mind's improvement  
Aids the world—in aiding Mind!—  
Every great commanding movement  
Serves not one but all mankind!

O'er the Forge's heat and glare—  
O'er the Engine's iron head—  
Where the rapid chafes flashes,  
And the spindle whirle its thread;  
There's labor truly tending  
Noble requirement of the hour,  
There's genius still extending  
Science and its world of power!

'Mid the dust, and speed, and clamor!  
Of the loom-shed and the mill;  
'Mid the clink of wheel and hammer  
Great results are growing still!  
Though, too oft by Fashion's creatures,  
Work and wisdom may be blamed;  
Commerce need not hide its features!  
Industry is not ashamed!

What is noble? That which places  
Truth in its enfranchised will!  
Leaving steps—like angel traces—  
That mankind may follow still!  
E'en through Scorn's malignant glances  
Prove him poorest of his clan,  
He, the Noble—who advances  
Forthright, and the Power of Man!